The Nationalist.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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Father Gibney's Oration.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As each succeeding year brings around the festive day of Ireland's patron saint, an enthusiasm unique in its kind is aroused in the breasts of Irishmen at home and abroad. Whether within the confines of this immense continent, in Australasia, on the burning plains of India, or upon the green hills of old Erin—no matter in what spot of the habitable globe, to-day his thoughts instinctively turn to Faith and Fatherland.

Like the feast days of other saints, the 17th of March was set apart by the Church for the specific purpose of honoring the memory of the nation's apostle, and of returning thanks for the benefits conferred by the light of faith. But almost from the beginning the interests of the nation and of religion of the people became identical. The one aided the other in times of prosperity, and both flourished because of the alliance. In evil days their common lot made them inseparable allies, for the enemies of the one were equally the enemies of the other. What wonder, then, that in course of time this day should come to

REPRESENT BOTH ORDERS;

That, besides serving the original or ecclesiastical purpose, it should be also the gala day of the nation? On this day Irishmen love to review the story of their country; they think with pride of her faded glories; they mourn over her sorrows, and peer with anxiety and hope into her future.

Over fourteen hundred years ago the genial light of Christianity dawned upon the fair shores of Erin. St. Patrick was the apostle through whose devoted zeal our fathers were converted. He sowed the gospel seed; and he found in Ireland the good soil in which it fast took root, and sprang up and bore fruit an hundred fold. The nation, though pagan, had attained superior eminence in civilization. Its bards, its priesthood, its monarchs, its lawgivers were enlightened. Even its idols were not of the menial and senseless character of those others which deified the worst passions of humanity, and bowed themselves before their altars as humble and adoring votaries.

THE DEITIES OF IRELAND

Were of an Eastern origin. The chief among them, Baal, was worshipped by fire, a custom inherited by the ancient Irish from their Phœnician ancestors. From Phœnicia, Egypt brought letters; thence, also, Grecian literature and habits sprung.

The civilization of our forefathers, therefore, and their religious rites claim a common origin with those of Egypt and Greece—the nations possessing at the earliest period recorded the greatest amount of enlightenment in literature, art and science. Commerce to a considerable extent was carried on between the first settlers in Ireland and the northern shores of Africa and the East, as is proved by the researches of the antiquarian. Relics of swords, collars and crowns dug up from beneath the bogs, which necessarily had there reposed for ages, are proved to be similar in material and shape to those used by the oft victorious Carthagenian.

THE IRISH HAD A WRITTEN LANGUAGE

Long before the advent of Christianity to the island, which, though imperfectly, is preserved to the present day. In this language the first converts of our national apostle gave to the world volumes on religion; patriotism, and song; and so devoted were they to their national tongue that when with Christianity a knowledge of Latin was introduced among them, that language was written in Irish characters. Our forefathers were also blessed with a most humane code of laws, called the Brehon, and a government of the patriarchal character; and Loghair and Ollam Fodhla were conspicuous as lawgivers when Solon and Lycurgus made laws for Greece, and Numa for imperial Rome. Hospitality and philanthropy, which have ever been indelible traits of our national character, were fostered and promoted by legislation ages before Christianity came to ennoble and direct them Heavenward. It was not merely enjoined by the statute that the stranger should be taken in and cared for, and if sick ministered unto, and his rights (for rights they were) in the family circle regarded as sacred; it was commanded by public authority that no family should remove from its established residence without having given previous notice of its intention so to do, lest the weary traveler, unaware of the change, should be overtaken by night at the deserted mansion, where there would be none to bestow upon him the needed hospitality. My friends, notwithstanding all the boasted enlightenment and benevolence of this our glorious nineteenth century, I challenge the world to-day to show a specimen of legislation that does so much honor to the head and earth of our common humanity as this law, inscribed upon Ireland's statute book by our pagan ancestors. By this superior enlightenment and her Christian-like virtues, Ireland seemed to have been better prepared for the reception of the Gospel truth than any other nation to which the word of God was announced. If we examine the early history of Christianity we shall almost invariably find that the first heralds of eternal truth were immolated in every country to the expiring deities of the place.

THE APOSTLES,

With one exception, suffered martyrdom. They sowed the seed in stubborn soil, watered it with their tears, and were obliged to nurture the germ with their blood ere the plant could flourish. I see one, like Bartholomew, go undaunted into the frozen regions of the North; another, like Thomas, penetrate amidst the effeminate people of the South. I see James wandering through the barbarian land of the extreme West; and Peter and Paul enter the Imperial City; and I see that though they everywhere succeeded in flinging from their pedestals the idols of paganism and raising aloft the banner of the Cross, yet were they obliged to seal that success with their blood. Greece and Rome, though enlightened, and Judea, though the birthplace of the hitherto chosen people of God, endeavored to destroy the infant religion of Christ in its cradle, and Holy Writ tells us it was because they "loved darkness rather than light." India and Ethiopia, Syria and Persia consigned to a martyr's grave, as well as to the glorious purple crown, those who first went among them as the harbingers of evangelical truth and of the Gospel of universal peace. Boniface in Germany, Rumold in Brabant, Adelbert in Prussia, Arnold on the Rhone. Benignus in Burgundy, were forced to yield their lives in testimony of their zeal as propagators of Christianity.

Ireland alone did not thirst for the blood of her apostle. She almost immediately listened to and understood the teachings of the Nazarene. Her eagle eye could very soon gaze upon the beaming sun of Christianity as her apostle made it shine before the united wisdom of the nation in congress assembled at Tara. Of course he met with some oppostion from a priesthood and a people wedded by ages of belief to their esteemed system of mythology; but this opposition did not go to the length of offering violence to the new apostle; and from the very first he was allowed to propound his doctrines, and, if he was able, prove their truth. Like Peter he went to the fountain head, and there he stood before that august assemblage as "another St. Paul in the Arcophagus with them as the Unknown God," explaining the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, Immortality of the soul and the glories of a future reward. His teachings were favorably received, and he was, by royal edict, granted the

FREEDOM OF THE LAND.

He proceeds on his mission, preaching Christ and Him crucified, everywhere successful, everywhere instructing the hundreds, and receiving the multitudes into one fold, even as the Apostles did at Jerusalem in the days of Pentecost. He preaches a doctrine of mysteries the most sublime, and it is straightway received; he publishes a code of morals, severe in its restraint upon human passions, and it is adopted and strictly obeyed. He travels over the entire island; at his approach the remnants of paganism crumble into dust, and in their stead, as if by magic, temples to the honor and glory of the Supreme Being spring up. The Baal-tinna is no longer lighted at eve on the hillside, but in its place the fire of Christian charity and forbearance glows in the hearts of the people. No longer do the venerable bards of Erin attune their song and harp to the praise of heathen deities, but like the loyal one of Israel in praise of the mighty Jehovah; and in grove and glen, in the valley and on the mountain, sweet songs of Christian love and fragrant incense of the heart's devotion arise in adoration of the holy name of him who liveth and reigneth.

For half a century did our apostle labor among his beloved children in Ireland, and he had the proud satisfaction of seeing in his own day the land of the shamrock, which he found in the unskilled hands of paganism, become the most cultivated and beautiful garden of the Church. And long after he joined the white-robed army of confessors round the throne of the Lamb, the glorious work progressed. Temples, where the piety of the people was fostered, studded the fair face of the land. Monasteries, schools and universities were everywhere erected, wherein the torch of learning was set brilliantly ablaze. Classical lore, driven from its former abode in Southern Europe by the fierce incursions of the sturdy Northmen, found a congenial soil and atmosphere in Ireland, and flourished as an indigenous plant. For over two centuries after the entire conversion of the island, virtue, pure as that of the early Christians, and learning of a higher order and of nobler aim than that of the Augustan age, characterized the children of Patrick, and hence, on the continent during that epoch, Ireland was known by the title "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum"—

ISLAND OF SAINTS AND DOCTORS.

During all this time from England, from England, from France, from Germany, from Switzerland and Italy the youth flocked to the schools of Ireland to receive an education; and to the eternal honor of our forefathers be it recorded, no one was refused. Not alone was the highest education imparted gratis, but its votaries coming from afar, were boarded and clad free of expense, and when educated, honorably dismissed to become themselves the dispensers in their own countries of the learning and science they imbibed at the perennial fountain of Erin. And, if England may well feel proud of, and honor the best and wisest monarch that ever set upon her throne, it was Ireland that educated her own Alfred. These schools were of immense extent, and numerously established all over the island, and were supported by donations of entire town lands, made by the commonwealth to the noble cause. One of these Asylums of learning—that of Armagh—contained at one time no fewer than seven thousand scholars, composed in a great measure of the youth of other lands.

Not content with affording a school to the sons of Europe, Ireland became agressive in desire to impart education. Her sons became apostles to distant nations, and the universities of Oxford, Paris and Pavia honor Irishmen as their founders. In the fastenesses of the Appenines, around the eternal crater of Vesuvius, amid the perpetual snows of Switzerland and trans-Alpine Gaul, as well as upon either bank of the Rhine, the self-exiled children of Erin were found

TRIMMING THE FLICKERING LAMP

Of science and rekindling the embers of Christian civilization well nigh extinguished by the fury of Salmatian, Vandalic and Pannomian hordes. Her sons occupied chairs in the principal schools of England and the continent.

Oh, Erin! how beauteous wert thou in that day before the gaze of heaven and earth! No barbarian from the North had then cursed thy shore; no foreign sceptre had then swayed over thy sons; no ruthless tyrant had set his heel upon the neck of thy children; no spoiler's sword had desecrated thy temples; but peace and concord, and brotherly love, and prosperity and good government were thy heritage. But this

BEAUTIFUL ORDER WAS SOON TO BE DISTURBED.

Toward the close of the eighth century, the first foreign invader defiled by his tread the free soil of Erin, over which the Roman Eagle never floated in triumph. The Danes, who had previously made raids upon and occupied a large portion of England and Gaul, landed upon the eastern coast of Ireland. They were a fierce and warlike people, of predatory habits and barbarous instincts. They found the Irish unprepared, though not by any means unskilled in war, and easily obtained a foothold in many strong positions along the coast. Plunder being their chief object, they proceeded to devastate the country and rob churches of the accumulated ornaments and riches of over four centuries. The Irish chieftain and their clansmen met them on many a well-contested battlefield, and with varying success and defeat. They could at any time have driven the savage invaders from the soil had they been united; but unfortunately whether it was that they became demoralized by the effects of a foreign war, or by too much prosperity during the preceding years of peace, certain it is, and sad to have to admit, the respective kings and their subjects were quarrelling among themselves in the very presence of a common foe. Frequently, however, the Danes were defeated and well-nigh driven from the island, and as often returned to the combat and plunder during the long period of over two hundred years. At length at the hands of the immortal king of Munster, Brian Boroimbhe, after twenty-five engagements, they were completely routed on the

PLAIN OF CLONTARF,

And driven into the North Sea; and renowned was the valor displayed by the Irish chieftains on that Good Friday morning. Many feats of individual bravery performed during the engagement are on record; but one which occured a few days after stands unsurpassed in the annals of warfare, even by the historic defense of the Spartan few at Thermpylæ. The Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brian, returning from the battle were interrupted by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his ranks beside a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred men," says O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mingled with the foremost of the troops. Never was such another sight exhibited." Erin's own bard has immortalized this heroric bravery:

"Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquored and died

The sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush when he leaves us at night,
To find that they fell there in vain."

Immediately after the expulsion of the Northmen, the prince and the peasant set about restoring order out of the almost chaotic state to which the island was reduced. The pillaged shrines of devotion were again frequented; the schools were re-opened; morality once more asserted its sway, and comparative prosperity was attained, when another enemy more wily and powerful, and no more scrupulous than the savage Norseman, put a stop to this progress. The immediate occasion of

THE NORMAN INVASION,

Under Strongbow and Fitzstephen, and in October, 1171, under Henry the Second of England, was an appeal made to the English monarch by Dermot McMurroch, Prince of Leinster, to be reinstated upon his throne. He was deserted by his people and his allies, and frowned upon and degraded by the public moral conscience, because he violated the laws of God by an act of notorious immorality. Let English writers falsify history by charging a general lack of morality against the Irish at this period; but thank God, we have here a fact that fearlessly gives the lie to their assertions. If the moral feeling was powerful enough to drive this blot upon fair Irish fame from the throne of Leinster for that which, bad as it was, would hardly have been disreputable to royalty elsewhere, I ask, is not that fact an evidence of the high moral character of the country? If morality, virtue, the sanctity of the marriage tie, had been less prized in Ireland, would this prince have been expelled from her shores for their violation? If they had been more prized accross the channel, would not England have shrunk from the proffered hand of a public adulterer, and thus the cause of civil and religious liberty be spared the pang of weeping over the invasion of the Second Henry. Could morality have been at so low an ebb at this time, when we find it recorded that the last noble act done by our fathers before losing their national independence, was the liberation of every slave held upon Irish soil! This was certainly a glorious ending to a country's freedom, and, like the death of the just, must have been precious in the eyes of the Lord. It was also a noble precedent to modern philanthropists who arrogate to themselves the credit of inaugurating the release of man from human bondage.

The Irish seem to have been taken unawares by the English King. They certainly knew not the full extent of his fell design. They thought he only came to restore peace, and at the most, to claim a nominal tribute from his native princes, and so, neither he nor his Norman nobles experienced much opposition until they had gained considerable power all along the eastern shores. It was too late, alas! when many noble and patriotic efforts were made to expel the intruder from the land. The memories of Roderick O'Connor, Tiernan O'Rourke, Murrough O'Carroll, and the illustrous and sainted Archbishop of Dublin, Lawrence O'Toole, deserve to be held in everlasting reverence by the lovers of Ireland, for the persistent stand which they took against the designing foe, at the council-board and upon the field. But, intrigue and might triumphed over sincerity and right; and though Henry established Roderick as King of Connaught, demanding from him only a small tribute, he at the same time parceled out the entire island to ten of his nobles. From that moment it became the grand object of their ambition to obtain possession of their titular estates, and every means to which treachery, deceit, false promises and robbery, could have recourse, was resorted to in order to attain this end. Breaches between petty chieftans were widened, civil wars promoted, and the seed of discord sown broadcast all over the land.

SIR JOHN DAVIES,

Attorney-General for Ireland under the despicable tyrant James I, and a hater of everything Irish, tells us in his "Historical Relation's;" "All Ireland was by Henry II cantonized among ten of the English nation, and though they had not gained possession of one-third part of the kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives." Then Norman laws were introduced, which afforded protection only to the foreigner. The Irish could not sue as plaintiffs in any Court of law. The were treated as perpetual enemies, whom it was lawful to rob or kill at the pleasure or caprice of an English subject. English judges were placed upon the benches. Englishmen alone could act as jurors If an Englishman were arraigned before one of these tribunals for robbery or murder, and the injured party was a mere Irishman, the accused could admit the accused could admit the charge and upon showing that the person robbed or murdered was Irish, the charge was forthwith dismissed, unless indeed an Englishman were indirectly injured. In that event, the amount of damage caused the Englishman was assessed against the criminal; but the principal count was entirely ignored.

NO IRISHMAN COULD ACQUIRE PROPERTY

Either by donation or purchase, nor recover his own when forcibly taken from him by his Saxon neighbor. Hence the property of the people steadily changed hands, and was occupied by the foreigner. A foreign army was continually quartered upon our bleeding country, and if the widow yet by possibility retained her mite, that mite was forced frm her for the support of the hated foe. For over four centuries and a half our forefathers were subject to this treatment. Frequently during this period dire pestilence stalked over the land and decimated the remnant of the poverty-stricken people left after tyrant's sword and Act of Parliament accursed had done their bloody work.

And still the end is not yet. Darker, deadlier, were the Saxon's designs against our unfortunate country, during the reign of the virgin queen. Elizabeth, and the Protectorate of the blood-thirsty fanatical Cromwell. Oh, that the veil of oblivion could be cast over these sad times that harrowed and tried men's soul! But history too sternly records facts. In the sixteenth century, Elizabeth tried to force upon the Irish a religion to which they were averse, and from that day a fresh element mingled with the former spirit of tyranny, and pointed anew the almost blunted sword of persecution. Then was enacted the system of penal laws against the Irish, because they chose to remain faithful to the religion of their fathers. There never before was made for man by his fellow-man such another horrible code of laws, so cruel, so cold-blooded, so universal.

It is almost surpassed the eloquence of the great statesman, Burke, to describe it. He says: "It had a vacious perfection, it was a complete system full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

According to their iniquitous code, no Catholic could settle jointure on a Catholic wife or daughter. If the wife of a Catholic should give up her religion, her husband was obliged to transfer to her his property and the guardianship of his children. If the eldest son of a Catholic should declare himself a Protestant, he became entitled to the obsolute dominion and ownership of the paternal estate. If any Catholic purchased an estate, any Protestant was by law empowered to take it away from him. If any Catholic had a horse, worth more than five pounds; and if to evade the law, the Catholic should conceal his own horse, he was punished by imprisonment for three months and a fine three times the value of the horse.

EDUCATION WAS PROSCRIBED.

If a Catholic dared to keep a school and teach therein any species of literature or science, he was punished by law with banisnment for life; and if he should return, he was to be hanged as a felon. If a Catholic child received an education at the hands of a Catholic, at home or abroad, he incurred a forfeiture to the Crown of all his family estates.

THE RELIGION OF THE PEOPLE WAS BANNED.

The law rendered every Catholic incapable of holding any position, civil or military, or living in a corporate town, or of voting for any official. To teach the Catholic religion was a transportable felony; to be a Catholic Regular was punishable by being hanged, embowled alive and quartered; and to encourage informers, a reward of one hundred pounds was offered to any one who should arrest and prosecute a Popish bishop for saying Mass. And while these laws were with savage rigor enforced, cruel war and famine were doing their work; everything sacred was profaned; the property donated for the support of educational establishments, confiscated in the name of the Crown; the crops fired by the enemy; the unprotected peasantry butchered by the savage soldiery; treaties of the most solemn character violated; aye, before the ink with which they were written was dry; until the land which centuries before, under native rule, was an Eden of delight, had now become a howling wilderness.

THEN CAME THE PLANTING OF ULSTER,

Which was stoutly opposed by the O'Neil's and O'Donnell's, and their followers—men brave as ever drew sword in freedom's cause, or obeyed the commands of martial hero, and before them

"Many a heart shall quail
Under his coat of mail;
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tyronnel's dread war cry, 'O'Donnell Aboo!'"

These chieftains came off victorious from many a desperate battle-field, but false promises and treachery did what even the dogged energy of the greedy foe could hardly have accomplished. Then came the transplanting of all the remaining "Irish enemies" to Connaught. It was decreed that any Irishman found on the east side of the Shannon after May 1, 1654, should be immediately put to death. Then succeeded the confiscation by royal edict under Charles and his trusty lord-deputy, Strafford, of even that barren abode of the "mere Irish."

OH, GOD!

Was ever a people treated with such relentless barbarity? According to English law it was criminal to be Irish, to be educated, to own property, to love religion. The alien robbed the rightful owners of the soil of their birthright, and then mocked at their destitution He forbade them education, and then ridiculed their ignorance. He made the infant fatherless; he rent the widow's heart; he snatched the bread from the lips of the starving, and then laughed at the universal desolation. He trod upon their liberties; he crushed their energies; he manacled their hands, and then taunted them with being slaves.

But he could never destroy their spirit of independence, nor dictate to them a religion. He could never make them acknowledge he was their rightful ruler, or that they were well and wisely governed. They would not be willing slaves, nor during all these ages of persecution could he deprive the noble Celt of his characteristic virtues. Surrounded by selfishness, he was generous to a fault; by fraud, he was a "lover of equal and impartial justice even for its own sake;" though in the midst of treachery the most vile and cowardice the most abject, he was always

FAITHFUL TO PRINCIPLE,

Brave as a lion, and bold as the eagle that flew round the coast of his native island. Enslaved, he always loved freedom, and was ever true to the ihdependent act of his country.

In 1778 and in 1782 the Sun of Ireland partially, and, alas, only momentarily, appeared from beneath the clouds which had enveloped his disc for centuries, as if to give a more saddening effect to the funereal darkness which shrouded the nation in 1800. In 1829 an instalment of justice was wrong from England by the persistent and well directed agitation of the immortal Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. By the Act of Emancipation, Catholics were released from certain disabilities under which they labored on account of religion; but too many grievances still continued to exist. An evil discrimination has always been made in the legislative halls of a foreign capital against Irish interests. The admihistration of laws, good enough in themselves, has always been corrupt in Ireland. The industries of the nation were cramped by unjust and intolerant tauation, so that home manufaciure could not be encouraged and the

RICH MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE ISLAND

Were left undeveloped. Bad landlords were allowed to extort rack rents from their impoverished tenants, and worse agents to eject them with impunity. The tenant has hardly any right which the landlord is bound to respect, no tenure of the land, no security against eviction, therefore no encouragement to industry or improvement. In 1847 and '48, famine again ravaged the land, and with it pestilence, and in its wake

THE CROW-BAR BRIGADE,

Like a destroying angel, smiting the bone and

[Concluded on our Fourth Page.]

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1873.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted, Immediately,

The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of IRISH RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

SHALL WE BE PRACTICAL?

All over the American Union on Monday last, hundreds of thousands of generous-hearted Irishmen turned out to do honor to their native land; the flash of sabres, the waving of banners, the music of home made the time a stirring one; high hopes were throbbing in manly bosoms, and fond wishes were borne across land and sea to the island home of our fathers; and all this, no doubt, is well, so far as it goes; but the cynic may cry out *cui bono*, or ask what practical good will all our marching and declamation do for Ireland. We too ask the question, but not in the cynic's spirit. We ask the men who in long array made public profession of their national pride and national aspirations on this occasion, to remember that their demonstration is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, if they shall be found Irishmen on Patrick's day, and willing slaves the rest of the year. We know well how true are the hearts of our people; but we fear much that they are too ready to despond, too prone to cease their efforts when the coming of the end is not apparent, and too much given to believe that present work for Ireland is work in vain. We have accomplished wonders on this continent, but as a general thing those wonders were worked for others; can we now accomplish a little wonder for ourselves and for our brothers, the Men in the Gap? Can we forego our petty prejudices, lay aside our peculiar hobbies, and sacrifice our habitual indulgence in damning personalities? Can we build up States in this land, and yet not find enough of practical talent among us to do some effective work for the land we profess to love so deeply?

We have many organizations of Irishmen in the United States with more or less of the Revolutionary element in them; but some of these organizations blindly counteract the work of others; and as a fact which should be stated (though we regret it), the men at home are fast losing confidence in almost all of our tall promises and professions. Without merging all of these bodies into one monster association, it seems feasible enough, if we set honestly and earnestly about it, to find some plan by which they can be made to act harmoniously and effectively together for the common object of Ireland's liberation. The first minds of the country have years ago turned our attention to the necessity of a Grand Convention of the Irish national organizations of the United States, and this idea we should be glad to see elaborated by the Irish journalists and thinkers of the Eastern and Western States.

Meanwhile, California can do something. We want here a State Convention to which every society willing to serve Ireland in any shape should be entitled to send delegates, and we look with confidence to the present convention to take up the project, throw into it their most earnest zeal, and give us the practical result. By a practical result we mean something to advance the old cause. This is scarcely the place to mention it, but it is good anywhere; we mean the fact that hundreds of the best and ablest of our race are daily returning to the ranks which some years ago they abandoned in disgust or despair.

SENTIMENTALISM IN POLITICS.

As a general rule we bring too much sentiment and too little hard common sense into our Irish politics. Like the French, we are prone to enlisting on the side of some "idea" and fighting its battles with tongue and pen, at least if not with the sword the world over. In other words we are inclined to interest ourselves, politically, a good deal too much in other people's affairs to the neglect of our own. We do not now speak of the politics of this land of our adoption in which we have a direct interest as American citizens, but of our general behavior as Irishmen both at home and abroad. We are almost always ready to take active sides in any dispute where our sympathies are engaged. We formed brigades to aid the revolted South American colonies, sent a contingent to take part in the Cristino Carlist war in Spain, and a foreign legion to help to fight the battles of France in the last war, not to speak of other instances of our readiness to take a hand in foreign quarrels. As might naturally be expected hard knocks and small thanks was all we received in return for our ill-timed generosity on these occasions, a result which ought to convince us were other reasons wanting of the importance of meddling in other people's affairs. We are very far from recommending egotism as a national virtue or wishing to see Irishmen imitate the selfishness of England with regard to other nations. We sympathize warmly with the cause of right and freedom throughout the world, and we shall never be found defenders of injustice or oppression on any pretext of interest, but we are entirely opposed to the habit of enlisting ourselves heart and soul on one or other side of quarrels that do not concern us. We may and ought to study the acts and conduct of other nations, and form our opinions thereon, but past experience should teach us to beware of being carried away by our sympathies so far as to enroll ourselves as partisans in their quarrels. We have work enough to do in all conscience on our own behalf. The restoration of Ireland to her place among the nations, the moral and intellectual advancement of our race all over the world, and repairing the ruins made by centuries of foreign rule, surely furnish sufficient occupation for our energies without its being needful for us to seek employment for them in behalf of others. Intermeddling in other men's disputes is proverbially a useless and thankless office and the same rule will apply to the affairs of nations. The late astute Emperor of the French mainly owed his downfall to this weakness. This uncalled-for interference in the affairs of Italy on sentimental grounds led directly to the aggrandizement of Prussia by the overthrow of her rival in Germany and the quarrel with the former which brought France to the brink of ruin, was also occasioned by intermeddling in the disposition of the Spanish throne. Such an example ought to be enough to make us avoid sentiment in politics and confine our political activity to our own sphere. We need not fear but we will have enough to keep us busy.

SOLDIERING.

It was a spectacle highly gratifying to Irishmen and their friends to see the splendid array of military companies which formed one of the most attractive features of our demonstration on Monday last. There is, however, no reason in the world why what is good cannot be made better, and, therefore, we trust we shall not be regarded as fault-finders if we offer a few suggestions for the considerations of the numerous body of our young and stalwart countrymen who thronged the sidewalks and beheld the pageant, but yet took no active part in making it the grand success which it was, and which no doubt they desired it to be. On more than one occasion we promised plain speaking, and meant to keep our promise. Hence, we have now no hesitancy whatever in asserting that the young Irishmen of this city who have at their doors such opportunities of learning something of military matters, but who never avail themselves of those opportunities, are delinquent to their own manhood and to the duties which they may at any time be called on to perform for America or for Ireland. The Irish-American who cannot efficiently handle a rifle, use a sword, or do at need a soldier's duty, is little credit either to the land of his fathers or to the land of his adoption. We expect, at all events, that the men who neglect or refuse to acquire proficiency enough in the soldier's glorious trade to pass muster creditably, will have decency enough to stop talking of doing anything for Ireland's liberation. We are proud of the many fine military companies which San Francisco can boast, but we want to see their number doubled, and the ranks of each filled up. It is always a pleasing sight, and often a soul-stirring one, to see the light of anticipated battle brightening the eye of the young recruit,—a sight so pleasing that we want more of it. The members of the various military companies are among the most respectable of our population; their membership, in fact, and the discipline consequent thereon make their respectability permanent; and, therefore, apart altogether from the services which they may hereafter render the cause of liberty, we feel ourselves justified in advising all the young friends over whom we have any influence to join a military company, and by so doing assert their own manhood, and their readiness to take the part of men when called on.

A SUGGESTION.

A trait in our national character which is admitted even by the enemies of our race, is our willingness to acknowledge and appreciate a favor received. Now it is patent to all, that much of the success attending the literary exercises on St. Patrick's Day is due to the kindness and talent of John McCullough. He doesn't go blowing about his patriotism, but he is always on hand when he can do a good turn. In the most handsome manner, and we believe unsolicited, he put the California Theatre at the disposal of the committee appointed to look after that part of the programme; when Daniel O'Connell could not be present to read his splendid poem, Mr. McCullough undertook the business, and executed it magnificently; his arrangements besides were so perfect that everybody was delighted; and finally one of his lady friends, Miss A. L. Dargon, wound up the immence audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by her splendid rendering of Davis's "Fontenoy." All this we gratefully remember, but as this aspires to be a practical paper, we offer a suggestion to make our gratitude take a practical form. Let Mr. McCullough organize an Irish or Irish-American dramatic performance, in which Miss Dargon shall have a prominent part, let us have due notice of the time, then let us enter in solid column, fill the theatre from floor to roof, and give the lady and gentlemen mentioned such a greeting as they shall long rememember. Action on this should come at latest on the evening of Easter Monday.

NOTICE.

The Stockholders and Trustees of THE NATIONALIST Printing and Publication Company, are requested to meet at the office, No. 5 Post Street, at 1 o'clock on Sunday next, the 23d inst., as business of importance is to be transacted.

FOOT HILLS, Pajaro Valley,
March 20th, 1873.

ED. NATIONALIST: I am not going to inflict on you this time a long letter. I wish, however, to state a fact and ask a question. Notwithstanding the sensational reports of your city papers this week, about our outlandishness and the exaggerations which might mislead strangers as to our real character, I feel justified in asserting that the number of law-abiding citizens constitutes the great majority of the men in this neighborhood. Among those citizens there are many good Irishmen who naturally belong to the National party, and some of them, like myself, belong to the rank and file of Irish revolutionary societies in San Francisco. We have not, however, got any Irish organization here, though there is fine material for one. We have no military company of our own, though I believe it would be easy to start one. So much for the fact. My question is, are there no organizers of the right sort in your city who can be kind enough to remember that it isn't right to leave us longer out in the cold? Why cannot some of them, properly authorized, make their way down to Watsonville or here, for a few hours, and start the business. You can tell them where I may be found, and I would only be too willing to give all the help in my power. If they mean progress, this will be attended to. More soon, from

PAJARONIAN.

P. S.—I have thought it, just yet at least, inexpedient to dwell on the lamentable tragedies which have so excited this locality for the past few days. Gross exaggerations and impossible contradictions are afloat, which a little time may correct. Legal proceedings, too, are spoken of against more parties than one, and when these are instituted we shall probably be better informed. My own maxim, however, is: Get the law of the State made right, and obey it implicitly.

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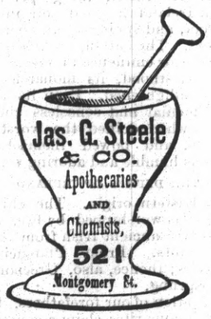

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1875

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

For the last few years, the 17th of March in this city has been remarkable for very fine weather—Monday was no exception. The rain of Saturday night which we feared would continue till Monday, only laid the dust that might have made the day unpleasant. The sun shone out in all its splendor and we could not help thinking that Heaven favored the assembly of United Ireland as represented by the procession on last Monday. Every creed and shade of politics, the poor man as well as the rich with a very large number of native Americans, turned out to do honor to the day. The military division, composed of the Irish regiment as well as the cavalry, all the independent Irish companies, the Guardia de Juarez and the Garde de Lafayette turned out in full force. The legion of St. Patrick was very much noticed for its fine appearance, as were many of the other companies but space prevents us from giving a more lengthy description suffice it to say that the military division was the most attractive feature of the procession, and we heard many a wish expressed that their services would soon be required for Ireland. We heartily endorse the wish, and were all Irishmen who have the opportunity to do so, to join their ranks. Every other Irish organization paraded in full strength as appeared by our EXTRA which was issued on that day as well as by the address and ceremony of presenting the set of flags by the ladies in Horticultural Hall. But the 7th division deserves more than a passing notice as it was the great feature. It was escorted by the Hibernia Rifles, Lieutenant P. A. McDonald. Legion of St. Patrick, Captain M. B. Hughes. Following these were six men representing Gallowglasses, the ancient militia of Ireland, dressed in the costume of the time. Then came a grand triumphal car drawn by four white horses. Two ladies represented the Goddess of Liberty and the Maid of Erin. Each held a flag—American and Irish—presented by the Irish ladies of the city, and two pages in splendid costume were in attendance on the ladies. A fac-simile of the ancient harp of Ireland, the harper dressed in white, encircled by four fair girls, with green and orange sashes, bearing the banners of the four provinces. On the aides of the car were the inscriptions in Irish characters:

"Ireland must and shall free."
"Let Erin remember the days of old."

Four mounted knights in armor acted as escort to the car. Then followed the Knights of the Red Branch, Nos. 1 and 2. Knights of the Red Branch, No. 1, San Rafael. Burke and Luby Club, Irish Confederation. Thomas Davis Club, Irish Confederation.

The eighth division closed the procession which was in point of number, variety of regalia and appearance of the societies the most magnificent that ever paraded our streets. The city was robed in its best gala dress, and business was completely suspended. Along the entire route of the procession the streets were crowded, and from every housetop, balcony and window, people gazed on the magnificent pageant below. At the corner of Bush and Kearny streets the scene was grand. Far as the eye could reach was a sea of human heads, with bright green banners waving in the sunlight.

Long before the dismissal of the procession a vast throng gathered in front of the California theater eager for admittance. When the doors were opehed the crowd filed in, and soon the spacious building was filled to its utmost capacity, and presented a very gay appearance. After the orchestra had played several patriotic airs, the President of the Day, John Kenealy, Esq., addressed the audience in a few brief and appropriate remarks—appropriate to the occasion. He then introduced John McCullough, who in splendid style recited the following poem, written for the occasion by Dan O'Connell:

From every sod by wandering feet of Ireland's children pressed,
From every clime where Irishmen have found a place of rest—
From valley and from mountain, from forest's tangled way,
In one grand anthem swells the voice of Irishmen to day.

From fair Killarney's placid lakes, from Shannon's smiling shore,
From Leinster's broad and fertile plains, with daisies dotted o'er—
From Connemara's rugged heights, from Ulster's cape and crag,
The Irish exiles now are met beneath the Irish flag.

For green within our heart of hearts, grown greener with the years,
Live memories of the Shamrock soil, wet with the nation's tears;
Those children, though stern defeat their voice and sword have met,
Have still refused the tyrant's task—the lesson to forget.

Though reft of freeman's rule and right, one jewel we retain,
Beyond the grasp of perjured sway, of judge and jail and chain;
Past our mighty dead have gilt with everlasting light—
The radiance which illumines still the darkness of our night.

Full many a foreign sod for years was red with Irish blood,
When side by side in alien ranks the Irish soldiers stood;
Full many a time, 'neath moon and sun, by Irish arms trailed,
On hill and pass the native pike the English troops assailed,

And what has sprung from all our strife—What lasting good been done?
What reck your dusty flags to-day, your songs of victories won?
Our answer be the glory of true sons in gallant sires—
The triumph in the deeds the world, though envious, still admires.

Has roaming chilled one heart-beat for her who gave us birth?
Has distance pall'd our loving for the dearest land on earth?
The answer is the greeting, that swells from Irish breast.
To the day our gallant fathers loved—the day we hold the best.

Know we not that those whose memories of us are full and kind—
The Irish friends in Ireland we exiles left behind—
Wear to-day the darling shamrock in shawl and in caubeen,
And glory still, spite all their wrongs, in cherishing the green.

In vain your rugged mountains, four wintry seas in vain;
Your breadths of somber forest, your leagues of barren plain;
In East and West, through all the world, from Erin to Cathay.
Joined soul in soul, thought in thought, stand Irishmen to-day.

We've never loved her better than now, 'mid all her sorrow;
We've never had so strong a hope to hail a brighter morrow—
For on her shores are tongue and pen, and brain of patriot might,
To trample to the dust the wrong and bear aloft the right.

And every rustling banner we've conquered in the past,
And every ivy-mantled tower that totters in the blast,
Speaks to us, exiled dezcendents of the great of sword and song,
And bids us strive to see the end of Mother Ireland's wrong.

No feud or difference of creed o'orshadows us to-day—
We're Irishmen—and, North and South, we love the self-same clay.
God bless you, land of memories, our darling isle, our home;
God bless the leaf that clothes to-day the sod we call our own.

J. G. Russel, the baritone, next sang the beautiful ballad, "Dear Little Shamrock;" in inimitable style.

The President then introduced the orator of the day, Rev. Father Gibney. The reverend gentleman's appearance was the signal for a round of applause. When this had subsided, he delivered the oration, which will be found on our first page, and was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

Miss Augusta L. Dargon next recited "Fontenoy," which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The audience next assisted in singing "God Save Ireland," reading from the EXTRA NATIONALIST which was in every person's hands, after which the assemblage dispersed.

PRESENTATION OF FLAGS.

To witness the formal presentation of a set of magnificent flags to the NATIONALISTS by the ladies of San Francisco, Horticultural Hall was densely thronged by an enthusiastic multitude on the 17th inst. Mrs. J. J. O'Brien delivered the following address in a style which called forth the most hearty applause. She handed over the flags to Mr. J. C. Talbot, who replied in eloquent terms.

SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS, SONS AND FRIENDS OF IRELAND:—I have been requested by the Committee of the patriotic ladies of San Francisco to perform a very pleasing duty, but though I keenly appreciate the honor of the post thus assigned me, I feel how unequal I am to the task of adequately expressing the high and holy emotions with which our souls are stirred on an occasion like the present. You too must realize how weak are words to portray the thousand surging memories which such a scene as this calls up from the depths of the mighty past, and how not our lips alone but our hearts can bear register and renew the fond allegiance which we owe and which we cheerfully tender to our Island Mother.

Irish Nationalists of San Francisco, to you who have battled on and despite disaster and defeat, have never despaired; to you who have clung the closer to the Cause of Ireland, when its prospects looked most gloomy; to you who have never been forgetful of your own manhood or of the claims of your far-off brothers; to you, Knights of the Red Branch and members of the Irish Confederation, who are pledged like the heroes of old to stand at your country's call in the red gap of danger, have I been commissioned by those ladies to present a set of flags the magnificence of which is patent to every eye, and needs but one crowning glory to become all we could wish it,—that these flags should head a conquering column of Irish soldiers battling for Irish freedom.

This glorious flag of our adopted land, on which glisten the immortal stars and stripes of America, and with the guardianship of which you are hereby honored, will be proudly borne in your van to-day, and I feel convinced that not only to-day, but every day of your lives would you be found ready to shed the best blood of your hearts rather than that the least of its folds should be sullied with dishonor. When you look upon this splendid ensign of a free and mighty people, the blue of heaven and the stars that represent the States will exalt and ennoble your aspirations, will prompt you to deeds of generous daring, and compel you to be in the future what our countrymen have always been in the past, the willing and life-long defenders of American honor and American Independence.

And here is another flag—the flag of Ancient Ireland—which awakens our most cherished recollections, and points the way to the realization of our most glorious hopes. It is not the banner which England has assigned us, or under which she would wish to see us arrayed; it it an emblem nearer to us and dearer,—the oriflamme of Ireland when she stood erect and free, a queen among the nations, the mother of fair women and brave men, the mistress of land and sea, of rushing rivers and valleys green, and of those eternal hills whose purple heather had never been stained by the foot of slave or heel of invader. For Irishmen to gaze upon this flag is to annihilate time and distance; the rock-ribbed continent and the billowy ocean disappear; we are no longer by the Golden Gate of the Pacific, but among the shamrocks of Innisfail; The Norman and the Dane, the Saxon and his crew, are forgotten; and we are again

Amidst the swords of former time,
Amidst the men who bore them,
When armed for Right they stood sublime,
And Tyrants crouched before them.

Here we have the harp without the crown, because we want no crown for Ireland but the unfading wreath which encircles the brow of Liberty, and because we aspire to make our country not a Kingdom of Europe but a republic and meet sister of the United Stetes. In the days of old the praise of heroes resounded from the harp of Erin, the white-robed bards bore it in the battle van, and though crushed and torn a thousand fond memories yet linger in its strings; but, while we are touched by the sweetness of its tones, let us remember that under heaven,

"There is no sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all Harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!"

The Irish revolutionists of this day and generation have an arduous but glorious work before them. They must, therefore, prove themselves worthy of their sires, concentrate their forces, realize their mission, and make one supreme effort to free their native land. The fidelity and the watchfulness of the wolf-dog, so strikingly depicted on this magnificent flag must be yours; day and night must you keep vigil for Ireland's sake; your swords must be ready to flash out at a moment's call, and your hearts must ever be proof against despair, so that you may be worthy to behold bursting through the clouds of heaven that glorious hope of national resurrection which is symbolized by the golden sunburst crowning your banner. Be true to the generous instinct of your own hearts, and you will be true to America, you will be true to liberty, and true to Ireland. It is because I believe you will be true to all, and true to the trust with which you are now honored, that it rejoices me to have the proud privilege of saying,—receive and guard this magnificent gift of the exiled daughters of our distant home, do honor to the flag of America, and if needs be, follow through the red clouds of battle, the old Flag of Erin till either you yourselves lie low or this flag be proudly planted in triumph on the green hillsides of liberated Ireland.

The Ball of the Red Branch Knights.

Never before in this city has there been a festival on the 17th of March or any other time which gave such universal satisfaction as did the Knights' ball on Monday evening last. For numbers it exceeded any thing of the kind we have ever before attended; for beauty, music, decorations and perfection of arrangements, it could not be excelled. The limitation of our pace and the pressure on it this week prevent us from giving more than the briefest of mention to the splendid style in which the Knights have kept their promise, honored themselves, and delighted those present. To undertake the task of naming the belle where so many ladies fair were present would involve us in much mystification. The maid of Erin (Miss Dunne) in resplendent robes and native beauty attracted much attention, as was natural when thousands of gallant Irishmen were present; and Miss McDonough as the Goddess of Liberty looked every bit as stately as the being she represented. We scarcely hope to ever see such an occasion surpassed.

A CALIFORNIA FLAG.

We have had reluctantly to omit mention this week of many interesting occurrences, but are determined to say a word or two respecting a matter in which all our citizens are concerned. Millions leave California annually for goods which could be manufactured here, and the sooner we reverse this operation, the better will it be for the State. When our capitalists understand their true interests, we shall turn the importing into the exporting business. Whatever tends in this direction deserves our best encouragement. It was, therefore, with more than ordinary pleasure that we beheld a splendid flag of green silk in the procession on Monday last, said flag being the first from the worms and weaving to the embroidery and embellishments solely a Californian production. It came from the factory of Mr Philip Meagher, and was by him made a present to the collective body of Irish nationalists. With discriminating taste and modesty, Mr. Meagher declined to make the presentation address himself, but put that burden on fit shoulders—those of Col. M. C Smith, a veteran in the cause which he has helped so effectively, and which he seems inclined to help to the end. Appropriate speeches were made by the Colonel and by J. C. Talbot by whom this first of Californian flags made of native silk was received.

Irish News.

Several of the ring leaders in the late snowball riot in Dublin have been mulcted by the Trustees of Trinity College.

John Rea has been badly beaten by Sir R. Wallace for parliamentary honors. Some of the Ulster fanatics are said to have it in contemplation to return James Anthony Froude as members for Down, and others of his way of thinking as members for other counties.

Kinsale fishermen are prosperous in their business, notwithstanding the late inclement weather.

Isaac Butt has given a formal opinion that the recent evictions on the Silver Bridge estate, County Armagh, are illegal, even according to British Law. Evictions are threatened in several other counties also, which shows how beautifully the new Land Act is working.

Two young ladies in Carrick-on-Suir want a few thousand from two nice young men who refuse to put their necks into the matrimonial noose.

A new weekly journal is about to be started in Dublin, which will be entirely devoted to the interests of the tenant farmers. Let us hope it may not become also the advocate of parliamentary agitation.

The Registrar General estimates the value of Irish horses, cattle, sheep and pigs at £37,117,517. He likes to be exact, be the same more or less. He gives the number of emigrants who left Ireland in the last eleven years as 2,139,489; but doesn't say whether that great outflow was a benefit or an injury to the country. When we take into account that this is only the number of those who gave their names as "never intending to return," we can easily understand that the loss to Ireland is much more than that stated. No wonder that there should be the enormous quantity of 4,253,973 acres of waste land in the country, and that much of the remainder is given over to fatten sheep and cattle for English stomachs.

No member has been more antagonistic to Gladstone's University Bill than P. J. Smyth.

The Relief Committee in Gorey, Wexford, is receiving generous support.

The clergymen of Connemara have memorialized the Lord Lieutenant on the existence of great distress at present in that quarter. The castle is more likely to help the famine on than to abate it.

Extra police have been stationed at Fairchild, county Mayo, the scene of the outrage on the house of John Egan. The maintenance of the force will be levied off the neighborhood, so that the prevailing rule will hold—innocent men suffering for the guilty. The Mayo *Examiner* asks, "where is this to end?"

Wholesale evictions are about to take place near Strokestown, County Roscommon. Evictions will be the normal condition of Irish tenants till they make up their minds to revolt and consign the whole Irish landlord system to the perdition it merits.

United States Items.

The demonstration made in St. Louis on St. Patrick's day, was one of unusual brilliancy. All the temperance and religious societies as well as the trade benevolent and national organizations, were out in full force. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Order of United Irishmen, and the Clanna Gael (about whom the Red Branch Knights here should know something,) made a splendid turn out. The Emmet Guard and other military companies were there too, and were followed by a cavalcade of that high-toned business, the Knights of St. Patrick. This is the first time those exclusive banqueters have ever consented to parade with their humbler countrymen. The fact is mentioned not as something for which the Knights are entilled to excessive credit, but as an indication that the Irish cause is again looking upward.

In Nashville, Tenn., the orator of the day was the eloquent and patriotic Father Meagher. He drew a vivid picture of "Ireland forty years ago," contrasted that time with the present, and infused high hopes into the hearts of his auditors.

On the 6th inst. on the occasion of a patriotic banquet in St. Louis, the hall was ornamented with shields and transparencies bearing such mottoes as these:—

"Wolfe Tone and the men of '98;"
"Emmet and the men of 1803;"
"John Mitchell and the men of 48;"
"Our Imprisoned Brothers,"

To which was appended:—

Our true men, our true men,
We do not fear to tell
How deep within our inmost souls
They and their TREASON dwell.

"Ireland's latest martyrs, Allen, Larken and O'Brien," which was followed by

And every man of every clan
We'll guard his memory,
Who died on field or scaffold
Fighting for Liberty.

That the nationalists assembled there were of the advanced persuasion might be gathered from the fact that the old banner of Ireland was flanked on one side by the stars and stripes, and on the other by the flag of orange and green, which the United Irishmen hang out to proclaim that

"Faction and feud are passing away."

The members for Mallow, a young Englishman, rejoicing in the name of Munster, has been lecturing to a very limited audience in St. Louis on the Irish question. He believes in Home Rule and England's penitence, the Irish of the West believe in neither. He admitted that British officials were experts at jury-packing, and that almost all the crime of Ireland might be traced to the landlord system. He lamented that the people had lately become indifferent at elections, many of them not caring to vote at all. We can't sympathize with this lament, for it is a sign of health in the Irish body politic. When the people cease to look to London for any good, they will be nearer to independence than they have been in some centuries.

The celebration of St. Patrick'g Day in New York and other Eastern cities was on a scale of unexampled magnificence both as to numbers and respectability.

S. M. Bellew, the elocutionist, who is making a tour of the States, is special correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, and that speaks loudly for his "profesfional" liberality.

Those who were domiciled for a season in Mountjoy, may have some interest in learning that the Prison Director, P. J. Murray, has gone the way of all flesh.

The Knights of St. Patrick in Boston set their stay-at-home brothers in San Francisco, the example of turning out on the 17th.

The *Post* thinks that the New Jersey fellows should do no harm by lynching a few of their Representatives. The bill to charter an opposition road between New York and Philadelphia having been beaten by Tom Scott, is the cause of this unpleasantness.

Foster, the car-hook murderer, was hung in New York yesterday.

California Items.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Santa Cruz by Americans as well as Irishmen with all the usual honors, including a ball and sugper in the Santa Cruz House.

Mortimer has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. His counsel applied for a new trial, which (so odd are judges nowadays) may be granted.

B. Loechner, a Gilroy gunsmith, was accidently drowned on Saturday last.

With commendable enterprise the proprietors of the Marysville Flour Mills are sending 5,000 barrels of the article by rail to New York.

England.

The Government has felt itself obliged to repeal the regulations respecting the right of public meeting in the London parks, and this is looked on as a triumph for the people.

For the sixty-seventh time, a bill has been introduced into Parliament with the object of making it legal for any man to mary his deceased wife's sister. The Lords have hitherto flung out the bill when sent up to them, and the fact is mentioned as being one of the few things to their credit.

Notwithstanding his defeat on the Irish University bill, Gladstone still clings to office.

Isaac Butt presided at an Irish mass monster meeting in London on Sunday, with the aim of helping the liberation of the Irish political prisoners.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1873

[Confined from our First Page.]

sinew of the nation. Ah! well do I remember the scores of comfortable-looking groups of houses, each rising almost to the dignity of a village, that have long since been swept away by these driving taskmasters, leaving no trace behind them. Never shall I forget the many sad partings I witnessed during these lamentable years, nor the sorrowful tales of suffering I then listened to. The emigrant ship was freighted with its living cargo. The owner of the soil was cast out to make room for the stranger, if not for his flocks and his herds. The strong man was forced to bid adieu to the home of his youth, and from the emigrant ship to take a last, fond, lingering look at the land of his birth, which he was destined never again to behold, and to pour forth his plaint over the wrongs he had not the power to right, and

"With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief."

THE STATE OF DISTRESS WAS WIDE-SPREAD.

The wail of universal woe followed the track of the emigrant ship to this Western world, and was heard through the length and breadth of the land, and the mighty heart of the great Republic throbbed with sympathy, and freighting her vessels with money and provisions, she sent them to relieve the miseries of the suffering poor of Ireland. A grateful people treasure up the the recollection of such noble kindness, and associate with it the fact that under the Stars and Stripes alone could the exile of Erin enjoy that civil and religious freedom which the stranger denied him in his own loved Emerald Isle. And England looked unmoved at these horrors at her side, while her treasury was weighed down with its millions of gold, and not a copper was disbursed save enough to send a horde of proselytizing soupers to tempt the famine-stricken Catholic. The old Cromwellian policy of extermination was in steady progress, and why should England interfere?

Was it any wonder, then, that a people goaded to desperation by a policy so revolting should adopt any means of redress that might propose itself to them? A rising took place in ,48 of a few young, ardent, patriotic, brave men who loved their country, if not wisely, at least too well. The time was illy selected. England was at peace; England was rich; England was at that time acknowledged a first-class power in Europe, and Ireland was poor, unarmed and bleeding at heart, and consequently could make no show of resistance. Other attempts have since been made, but while I am willing to credit my young friends with earnestness, allow me to tell them the time was not yet, and it still reposes securely in the future,

BUT IT WILL COME.

We do not acknowledge that England obtained possession of Ireland by any other title than that of the sneaking thief, who comes under pretence of setting his neighbor's business in order, and then stealing his purse. We claim that England has retained possession of Ireland by holding the iron rod of oppression over the heads of a down-trodden people for over seven hundred years. We hold that we have always been treated unjustly, and that neither right, nor religion, nor God, will forbid us to rid ourselves of oppression's yoke, when the proper time comes.

But we must not be rash; we must not rush up to the lion's mouth unless we can strangle him, or at least render him powerless to injure us; neither must we follow every reckless adventurer, or be misled by the platitudes of irresponsible demagogues. Irishmen have been too often bled by such, in times gone by, and nationality has every time suffered by their nefarious or silly schemes. Much less must we allow the pure aspirations of the masses to be trifled with by insincere fortune-hunters. We must revive a universal spirit of patriotism among Irishmen and their descendants scattered over the globe. This is a most important elements of success. We must rather create a leader than follow one. The circumstances will always bring the right man to the front. In all great national movements, when union of sentiment and gallant devotion to the cause of right are secured, the victory is well nigh gained. Union is strength.

THE TIMES LOOK OMINOUS.

A new era seems to dawn. England is now no better than a third-rate power in Europe. She is not even consulted on questions of public policy by the great powers. An empire but of yesterday smites her in the face, and proud Albion dares not resent the insult. England certainly grows weak, and England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. Let Irishmen husband their resources, let them be united in counsels, let them grow strong in proportion as their old enemy grews weak; let them continue ever to love the moral virtue and the religion of their fathers, which was the brightest gem in the crown of Ireland's glory and the inseparable consoler of her children in the dark hour of her sorrow. And when the proper time comes for floating the flag of green over Ireland—a resusciated nation—the faithful priesthood of Ireland will be where it belongs and ever has been, by the side of the faithful Irish people, on the side of justice against glaring wrong, aiding the long oppressed against the oppressor. It will be where Father Murphy was with the men of Wexford. It will be where St. Lawrence O'Toole was at the siege of Dublin. It will be where the Papal Legate, Rinuccini, was encouraging Tyrone and Clan Connell in the glorious struggle for altars and homes, and it will be the first to hail Erin a new nation—

"Great, glorious and free—
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

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The latest improved Spectacles. Weak sight strengthened, strong sight preserved, by the use of these Spectacles; superior to any now in common use; persons may use these for any length of time without causing the sight to ache. Spectacles for $1, and upward. As I have had 35 years practice in the business, I have good experience in suiting sight. All kinds of spectacles repaired and reglassed by J. O'NEILL, Optician. 407 Third street, near Harrison. jy-tf

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All the latest styles of Boots and shoes for Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents made to order at the shortest notice. Also, a full assortment of Benkert's Philadelphia Boots. jy4-tf

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ABOLITION OIL!

The unprecedented success of this GREAT FAMILY REMEDY, and the universal satisfaction given by it in all cases, are the legitimate results of its intrinsic merits. KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL is good at all times, reliable at all times, applicable at all times, gives relief more speedily in all cases of internal and external aches and pains than any other remedy in use. Just as sure as you use it according to directions, just so surely will it cure:—

Rheumatism,	Neuralgia,
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Bruises,	Pain in the Side,
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Pains in the Loins,	Pleurisy,
Sore Throat,	Stiff Joints,
Felons,	Toothache,
Earache,	Swollen Joints,
Diarrhoea,	Lumbago,
Contracted Cords,	Swellings,

Pain in the Breast,

And all internal and external aches and pains. Ask your druggist for PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL, and take no substitute.

PRICE.

Small Size.....Fifty Cents
Large Size.....One Dollar

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THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIVER INVIGORATOR IN THE WORLD. PURELY VEGETABLE, prepared from fresh Shaker roots and herbs. Cures all disorders arising from impure blood. Restores the Tone and Vivor of the System.

PRICE.

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Vocal Stimulants!

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all Bronchial Complaints. They are carefully and thoroughly medicated, free from all nauseating and deleterious ingredients, and are an effective as well as a pleasant remedy. Mothers pronounce them invaluable for children in cases of Whooping Cough and Croup; they act directly on the pulmonary organs, without deranging the stomach or constipating the bowels. To Singers and Public Speakers they are indispensable, as they lubricate the vocal organs, and prevent all irritation of the mucous membrane.

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Manufacturers and Sole Proprietors for all the above named valuable Preparations. jy4-tf

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PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street, (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the Afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.
San Francisco June 15th, 1864.

subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D., 1864.
(L. S.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHŒA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day January, A. D., 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

☞ Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE, Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Verility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness. Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

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